

**the sweetness of
you on my tongue**

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Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Biker Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Fluff, M/M, Punk Richie Tozier, SO MUCH FLUFF, a look at their relationship through eddie's eyes, richie reads poetry, they're about 19/20 here

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Summary:

This is the side of Richie that no-one, except Eddie, ever sees. The heart behind the crude jokes; the pastel pink 'e' etched onto the breast of his black Harley; the thornless rose on his left ring finger.

or, a look at richie and eddie's relationship through eddie's eyes.

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Author's Note:

hi! my first reddie fic, how exciting! i would just like to preface this work by saying that i do not condone the sexualisation of child actors or characters, hence why everyone is aged up to 19/20 in this fic! the essence of richie and eddie's relationship in the book and both movie adaptations is just so wonderful that i really wanted to put my own spin on it, and so this lil ficlet was born! i really loved writing it and would absolutely be up for writing more in this verse, so a series could be on the horizon. in the meantime, please enjoy and thanks for stopping by! my tumblr is @gazeбно, feel free to hmu over there if you wish <3

Eddie Kaspbrak loves Tuesday evenings.

He loves the way the sunset breathes through the open curtains, curling its tongue into the corners of the room, melting with the warm orange lamplight from the bedside table.

His favourite thing about Tuesday evenings, however, is when his boyfriend comes home. Usually, Richie and Eddie are home at the same time, falling into an easy and familiar rhythm. However, on Tuesday evenings, Richie is out later, meeting with his friends after college. They're the misfit breakaways of a biker gang; Bill, Bev, and Richie, trying their hand at being a punk band. Richie plays bass, Bill drums, and Bev is keyboard and vocals. They have a total of 0 gigs under their belt, but a whole lot of heart and fiery original lyrics. They're just having fun, being teenagers, living life as they wish.

He usually comes home at 9:30, when the sun is setting into the horizon, it's amber lashes closing on a world of stardust. His fingers are raw and sore, and mouth is stained with Marlboros and black jack gum. He strips on his way to the bedroom, leaving battered Doc Martens (the black glitter ones, obviously) and ripped skinny jeans in his wake.

Richie would slide his glasses on, curls falling over his forehead, collarbones catching shadows from the bedside lamp. He would sink between the sheets, easily gravitating towards Eddie's warmth pooling across the mattress. A battered book of poetry sat on the bedside table, the spine bruised and covered in ink stains. Each page was worn and dog-eared; well-loved, to be precise, his favourite titles garlanded by little stars and moons and sketches. He would let the book fall open to any page and lean over towards Eddie, mouthing cosmic poetry into his collarbones. Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art. Nothing in the galaxy is as pretty as Richie, his eyes shining in the lamplight; shining with love and warmth and an inexplicable softness.

This is the side of Richie that no-one, except Eddie, ever sees. The heart behind the crude jokes; the pastel pink 'e' etched onto the breast of his black Harley; the thorn-less rose on his left ring finger.

Outside, on the streets, he is 'Trashmouth Tozier'. The one that still cracks 'your mom' jokes in 2017. The one with a steely black lip ring and a leather jacket covered in patches. The one with the pride tattoo over his heart and a beautiful boy on his left arm.

In here, in their bedroom, he is just Richie. Richie, who is a born storyteller and can create a story with his breath. Richie, who wears ridiculous coke bottle glasses and a pale green t-shirt to bed every night. Richie, who has Oscar Wilde couplets tattooed over his ribs and is madly in love with a boy called Eddie Kaspbrak.

Eddie loves him just the way he is. He loves to perch on the back of Richie's motorcycle, he revels in the feeling of the wind flowing through his hair as they fly down the promenade at sunset. He loves to wear that leather jacket, with the thready pepe patch peeling over the chest (because Richie is a sucker for an OG meme). He loves to hang out with Richie and his biker friends turned punk band; Bev with her flaming curls and razor-sharp tongue; Bill with his piercing blue eyes and s-stuh-stutter.

Sure, Richie is affectionate with Bill and Bev, in front of them, around them, but he never slides into bed beside them, never reads them poetry until the early hours, never breathes his way along their collarbones. Richie Tozier loves his friends, but he adores Eddie

Kaspbrak.

Eddie knows a lot of things about Richie, that no one else knows. He knows that Richie's favourite flavour of ice cream is raspberry ripple, with rainbow sprinkles on top. He knows that Richie had a tough childhood, and often hides his trauma behind cheap jokes and lousy punchlines. He knows that Richie loves to watch reruns of Frasier at 5am and laughs along with all the lines that he can remember. He knows that Richie's biggest fear is losing Eddie, and that sometimes, at the witching hour, he is plagued with nightmares and wakes up screaming. He knows that Richie would love a puppy, a golden retriever to be exact, but their rent agreement won't allow it.

Eddie wishes that they lived somewhere that allowed dogs, because he would buy one for Richie in a heartbeat. Sometimes they'll be out on a walk, Richie playing with Eddie's fingers absentmindedly, when suddenly he'll spot a dog and stop mid-sentence to stroke it. His face when he gets to stroke a golden retriever is one Eddie would die for.

One day, they'll have their very own house; a bungalow with a sky-blue door and a front yard big enough for a puppy to run around in. Until then, however, Eddie is happy right where he is. Sure, their apartment is small, but they've made it their home. There's a pint of raspberry ripple ice-cream melting on the kitchen counter, vinyl records stacked neatly beside the TV in the living room. There's a leather jacket hanging by the front door, a pair of coffee-coloured brogues sitting beneath it. There's a Green Day poster hanging on the back of their bedroom door, an inhaler sitting on top of a T.S. Eliot poetry book on the bedside table.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes, licked its tongue into the corners of the evening, and seeing that it was a soft October night, curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

Author's Note:

title is from 'drugs and candy' by all time low, and the final quotation is from the poem 'the love song of j. alfred prufrock' by t.s. eliot!